

The Well-Balanced Life.

Did you ever stop to think whether your scheme of living was well-balanced? Did you ever stop to think, to stop and think means to realize that the scheme of living that has not saving a part of it as well as spending, is not well-balanced?

Do we want you to stop spending? Not at all. To you that you should stop spending and start saving, it would be consistent with our own way of living.

We don't want you to stop spending to start saving. We want you to stop spending to start saving.

Look over the things you spend money for and single out the ones you waste money on.

Money spent right is better than money saved.

Money wasting is worse than miserly saving.

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SELECTIONS

SPORTS OF FILIPINOS.

Amusements in Vogue Among Women, Men and Boys.

In a letter to a friend in Washington Mrs. Annie Pike Smith, formerly of Washington, but now with her husband, Captain A. T. Smith, U. S. A., at Camp Jossman, Iloilo, Philippine Islands, writes thus concerning the native sports, says the Washington Star: "Among the women rope jumping is a pastime. Is this to be wondered at in a country noted for its hemp? They make a game of it. To each woman, including those that turn the rope, is given the name of a flower or tree. The one that acts as leader calls out the name, and the proper one takes her turn. Should the 'flower name' of one of the girls turning be called, then there is a great scramble, while another is taking her place, and she makes her jump. It reminded me of the noisy game called fruit basket which I played in my childhood on the streets of Washington.

"Among the boys—and older men, too—a favorite sport is the tossing of a hollow ball made of bamboo, a species of bamboo. They toss this ball from one to another, never touching it with their hands, but using only the muscles of the back, hips and legs. It is very wonderful how long they can keep it flying back and forth in the air. The youngsters enjoy the regular old game of hopscotch. A plot oblong in shape is laid out with a circle divided into equal spaces. The game is to hop on one foot from one division to the others, at the same time kicking a stone. But cockfighting reigns supreme. Almost any day you may see a crowd of small muchachos in a circle watching a fight on which a few pesos have been hazarded. These fights are generally without the gasps. How the Filipinos love his manner! "It has been said that in case of a fire the bird is cared for first, after that the family—often too late. They dress the birds as we should a dear pet dog."

Supply of Oxygen For Firemen.
An experiment has recently been made in Paris with an ingenious apparatus, invented by M. Guglielminetti and M. Draeger, by means of which it is possible to remain without fear of asphyxiation in places where it would otherwise be impossible to breathe. The apparatus is automatic—that is, it has no connection with the air outside.

It is composed of a tube, containing a provision of oxygen sufficient to last a man for breathing purposes for more than an hour and a helmet of aluminum fitting the head exactly by means of a pneumatic pad. The oxygen is supplied automatically to the man's mouth and the air exhaled is received in a compressible bag.

It passes through a regenerator with granulated caustic potash, which absorbs all the carbonic acid. A fireman provided with this apparatus, went down into a cellar in which piles of damp straw had been lighted, and although there was suffocating smoke from this he remained in it for nearly three-quarters of an hour without being at all inconvenienced by it.—English World's Work.

A Disappointed Dog.
Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) tells of a dog that travels with his shows that is the most ill tempered beast in the world. He has good reasons for his ugliness, according to what the narrator says: "He sleeps in the ticket wagon. Now, every night before he is sent up the ticket seller gives him a bone, which he promptly conceals in a hole dug beneath the wagon. Then he goes to bed, and, failing to realize that almost every night his house is shifted over the road, he can't understand why the morning's search for the bone is futile. Then he's mad. He thinks some one has stolen it, and it isn't safe to go near him for several hours. Sometimes we stop several days in a place, and then, of course, he finds the bone, and it's just enough incentive to keep him digging holes. He's planted bones all over this country and the greater part of Europe and has lost ninety-nine out of every hundred."

Engineers' Watches.
It is vitally important that railroad engineers should have accurate timepieces. One is seldom seen with an expensive watch unless it has been presented to him by the company as a memorial of long and faithful service or for some deed of heroism. A dealer tells me that the works in engineers' watches are of standard make, costing the uniform price of \$18. The style of the case depends on the purchasing ability of the buyer, the price ranging from \$2 to as many hundreds as one wants to waste on gold and gems. Most cases are silver. For many years the works were manufactured by a firm in the west. Ere long wireless electric clocks will be used in engine cars, so that the time all over the road will be the same to a fraction of a second. There will be fewer accidents then.—New York Press.

Saving Money Orders.
The postal authorities have discovered that the money order system is now being extensively used by people who like to hoard their money. Those who formerly used their stockings to purchase money orders and lay them away. The order is payable within seven years and unless destroyed or defaced is as good as a government bond without the interest within the period named.

A Xmas present to be appreciated
A BOTTLE OF
PALMER'S PERFUM
SLEETH'S DRUG STORE

PAINFULLY SEDATE.

A Professor's Evening Party in the Paris Latin Quarter.

"It was difficult to imagine that I was in the heart of Paris, among people bred and born in the capital," says a writer telling of the section of the Latin quarter in which the professors of the University of Paris have their homes. "These men, these luminaries of science, how different they looked among their womankind! Since then I have visited many professors' homes and have found them all curiously alike. No matter whether the apartment be on a second, third or fourth floor, whether it be an expensive or cheap one, the inmates are all alike, talk alike, dress alike. If you have seen one home, you have seen them all. Follow me to a fourth floor in the Rue Gay-Lussac. We are ushered into the drawing room. The furniture is mahogany, always mahogany, and of a bad period. There are no flowers, but a dusty fern in a majolica pot; on the mantelpiece a clock and a candelabra, with framed photographs in the spaces between; over the cottage piano the portrait of M. le Professeur in the green embroidered uniform of a member of the Academy of Science, with his dress sword, over which he generally stumbles. But do not think that the professors' families are blind to beauty. They will admire and appreciate a work of art as well as you or I, but in their homes they consider beauty a negligible quantity. They also give very little attention to their bodies—to the inner or outer man. I have often wondered whether the same tailor supplies them all with their old fashioned coats.

"Nor does the inner man fare much better. The cooks in their establishments seem to be altogether different creatures from those we meet elsewhere. They eschew slang, their grammar is better, but their cooking is worse—very much worse—than in the homes of the less intellectual members of society. The women form a distinct type. They seem to belong to a past generation, and their dress is in keeping with the style of their hair. Living among themselves, they appear to have no notion of what is occurring in the worldly part of Paris. Their dress-makers are 'of the quarter,' and their milliners make their hats with the odds and ends brought to them. Such a thing as a fashion paper never crosses their path. I am certain these ladies are much more interested in the latest microbe than in the latest hat. They have little notion of comfort.

"An evening party at one of their houses is a never to be forgotten entertainment for the outsider. They still dance the schottish, but the greater part of the evening is devoted to what are called 'society games,' a gaudy trap, to the butterfly from across the Seine. I have forgotten the name of the French game, but I recall that we were all seated in a ring—about thirty of us—old and young, and we had to answer questions and find out some antiquarian fact. To them it was child's play, but if it had not been for the six-year-old child of the house who prompted me I should have cut a poor figure. Imagine coming from the electric lights of the boulevards to the oil lamps of the professors' salon and being suddenly called upon to know that Dalmatia was conquered by Metellus in 118 B. C. Delightful evening!"

Retelling a Joke.
A west side man heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Mary," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' 'Did they save anything?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the programme.' Isn't that a good one?' His wife said it was, and next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. Blank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' Another asks, 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replies the first, 'they went on with the programme and finished it.' Isn't that a fine joke?' The grocer said it was excellent, but, confidentially he acknowledges that he hasn't yet seen the point.—Kansas City Times.

A Blind Man's Blindness.
A blind man named Green made a curious defense at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate glass window worth \$15. He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding waste ground. He was astounded when he heard the sound of broken glass. The jury acquitted him, and he was discharged.

Lacked the Lawyer's Facility.
Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man, Woman, Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Practice Versus Preaching.
"You kin help de cause of honesty a heap," said Uncle Eben, "by preachin' about it, but you kin help it a heap mo' by not danglin' 'rass' chicken under a hungry man's nose."—Washington Star.

A man is not going to get a crown of righteousness just because he gives some poor fellow his old straw hat along about November.—Chicago Tribune.

DESIGNING A HEAD.

An Interesting Tonsorial Operation by the Famous Whistler.

"Amazing!" the favorite ejaculation of the brilliant and eccentric artist, James MacNeill Whistler, is the word which seems best to fit the curious combination of personal peculiarities—mischievous wit, tricky jests, gay quarrels, harmless vanities and remarkable artistic performance—revealed in Mr. Mortimer Menpes' recent recollections of his "Master." The eccentricities of Whistler's character were matched by those of his appearance, for he never dressed like anybody else, and he had, just over his left eye, a single lock of white hair amid a mass of black curls. His own interest in his appearance was great, for he regarded the composition of costume and coiffure with the same seriousness which he would have bestowed upon the composition of a picture, and indeed the result was unmistakably picturesque.

"Customers ceased to be interested in their own hair," says Mr. Menpes of Whistler's entrance into a barber's shop. "Operators stopped their manipulations; every one turned to watch Whistler, who himself was supremely unconscious. His hair was first trimmed, but left rather long, Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the barber in the glass. He, poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated the scissors. The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operators imperiously on one side, and we observed for some time the rear view of his dapper little figure, stepping backward and forward, surveying himself in the glass. Suddenly he put his head into a basin of water, and then, half drying his hair, shook it into matted wet curls. With a comb he carefully picked out the white lock, wrapped it in a towel and walked about for five minutes, pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his face—a stage which much amused the onlookers.

"Still pinching the towel, he would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (combing would not have given them the right quality) until they fell into decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air. Whistler wanted a comb. This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look meaningly at himself in the glass and say but two words, 'Menpes, amazing!' and sail triumphantly out of the shop."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An awkward man in society is usually a thoroughbred in business.

The only case of overwork we know of, though many claim it, is that of the grovler.

A great many people tell not the way a thing is, but the way they would like to have it.

To win in this world you must have more confidence in yourself than you really amount to.

Here is the mark of one who boards: Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets.

Give father credit for one thing at least—at his place at the table there are no wads of chewing gum on the underside.

When you attend a circus turning a somersault looks easy, and when you attend a lecture talking in public looks easy.—Atchison Globe.

The Lease of Life.
It is the inevitable law of nature that we must die. The vital energy that is implanted in the body at birth is only meant to sustain it for a certain number of years. It may be husbanded or wasted, made to burn slowly or rapidly. It is like the oil in a lamp and may be burned out to little effect in a little time or carefully husbanded and preserved and thus made to last longer and burn brighter.

It is a moot question whether every individual is not at birth gifted with the same amount of vital energy and of life sustaining power. The probability is that each is. The circumstances of the environment from the cradle to the grave determine its future destiny.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Bad Company For Him.
"Want have you in say for yourself?" demanded the bailie of the drunk and disorderly. "An vera sorn, sir," returned the charge, "but a cum' up frae Gleslen in bad company." "What sort of company?" "A lot o' teetotalers." "Wha-at?" roared the bailie. "You mean to say, sir, that teetotalers are bad company?" "Well," rejoined the prisoner, "ye ken how 'twas. A had a hale mutchin o' whisky wi' me, an' a had to drink it all to myself."—London Judo.

Made Her Curious.
Wretch of a Man (at the club)—I say, you fellows, my wife went off to see her mother lately, intending to stay for six weeks, but I brought her home in a hurry. Do you know what I did? I sent her a paper every day with a paragraph cut out, and she was so full of curiosity to know what local news I was keeping from her that she came home at the end of four days.

His Brief Pleasure.
Neighbor—How long did you stay at the club yesterday, Jones? Jones—Oh, the best part of the evening. Mrs. Jones—Why, John, you came home in half an hour! Jones—Well?—Cleveland Leader.

The Boss.
Crawford—Did his lawyer tell Menpes that he couldn't get a divorce? Crabshaw—No. His wife did.—Town Topics.

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